

The Mighty Fly

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A bee was lounging on a flower
about the time of the dinner hour
when this winged bug, this reckless fly,
dive-bombed the bee from twelve o'clock high.
But the bee, for his part, had been employed
in slurping nectar, so somewhat cloyed.

"I am the pilot of the sky!" the fly screamed.

The bee just sighed, turned back to his flower
and kept on drinking
—having a little trouble thinking:
with all that sugar in his brain
the fly was easy to contain.

Yet even with the bee unimpressed
the fly flew off, quite self-possessed.

After all, it *was* his fate
to bug and bother and irritate.

And it wasn't long before he saw,
oblivious to it all,
a horse half asleep.

"What joy!" he thought, "I want to weep!"
He flew into the horse's ear
and screamed, "I am your deepest fear!"

The horse raised his head, looked around,
thinking he had heard a sound,
and feeling in his ear an itch
he gave his ear a skillful twitch

that hurled the fly with such a shock
he hit his head against a rock.
But he opened his eyes in a moment or two,
and, shaking it off, away he flew.

Next, he came upon a cow
and landed on her back.
"Now!" he thought, "I'll teach this bovine thing
who is servant and who is king!
I'll settle here upon her hide
and let her take *me* for a ride!"
But then the cow flipped her tail
and knocked the fly against a rail.

The fly lay dazed. He tried to focus
upon a drowsy, droning locust,
who smiled and seemed somewhat amused.

The fly—aching, battered, bruised—
decided maybe he needed a rest
now that he had met the test
of courage and fortitude.
What he needed was a little food.

Well, an hour or so before getting dark
the fly chanced upon a park.
The park was filled, it being spring,
with people, food, and kites and things.

Some people lounged upon the ground
while others tossed a ball around.
Still others were dropping off to sleep
or arranging blankets with things to eat.

The Mighty Fly was so ecstatic
his flying became somewhat erratic.
People! Food! Dirt! Sand!
Had he found the Promised Land?

"This place," he thought, "is really a mess!
Why, here I could be King of the Pests!"
And as he flew at some people close by,
they waved their hands as if to say hi!

First he landed on a head,
then he tried a piece of bread.
After that a little icing
caught his eye and seemed enticing.

There were lots of dips and chips,
iced tea and soda to wet his lips,
assorted pickles, sweet and dill,
napkins soaked with sticky spills.
Sleeping babies didn't shriek
when he walked upon their cheeks,
and the grownups just waved their hands
as he sampled cheeses, hams.

Then, when it was getting dark,
all the humans left the park.
Picnic fires died down to ash.
All was silent, cool—and *trash*!

There were broken bottles to explore,
grimy melon rinds galore,
plastic bags with inviting holes,
rotting fruit in forgotten bowls.

The very air began to swell
with warm and ugly-lovely smells
that even made *him* a little dizzy.
He knew this place would keep him busy.

So in this dark and quiet place
he preened his wings, washed his face,
then cleaned his hands
and wiped them dry
on grains of sand.

He tore a piece of moist white bread
and shaped it into a single bed
—so if he got hungry during the night
he could just turn over and take a bite.

So with the sun going down,
and the smell of trash all over the ground,
the Mighty Fly dropped off to sleep
and dreamed of lovely, rotten meat
—of a glorious place
where clean was dirty
and they kept the waste.

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And early the next morning he ate his bed,
found yesterday's paper (which he hadn't read)
and lounged about in the shade of a tree,
waiting for you, and waiting for me.

And late that morning he saw us arriving
—some on bikes, others driving,
with blankets, babies, and food piled high.

All for him—The Mighty Fly!